THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
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EDMUND DEACON, SIDNEY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1761.

Original Poetry.

THE WEAVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ALICE CARY.

My soul sat silent in the dark little room,
The August noon was hot as fire without,
But open stood not out the fine threads for the loom,
As he unshrived by hands and confessional.

My soul was a poor weaver then.

My web was in the loom all loosely hung,
But to thought, "He has nothing to do but to pay."
Its master kept watch and it sang and it wept,
The weaver believed him most happy then he.

And I sang and I wept at my weaving,
He did not set the room, or carest and or rod,
That locked through his wonder—he thought to be dead,
And carried me out to the sun and the wind.

Wrapp'ng in the linen he had by his loom,
And I sang in the sun and the wind.

He stood on his knees all heavenly long,
The tremble sweetness, the cherubic reverence;
The tender glance of his eye in the sunset,
In his mouth a Word; and he talked to me!

He kneels 'tis the angels have sent him a sign,
He feels he is near sainted spirits—praises and pray'r—
And utter "My lord darling, sweeter, oh sweeter,
I never will weave any more for your sake."

From your's and in your's and "

They might had come down in his low little room,
When the weaver's shuttle was thrown in the loom,
And now by the shivering hand clear as his hair,
Would know me, and bless me for that I am.

Try a soul that is mortal.

Mr. Weeks has the finest ox of the shortest sense—
(An example of how blunderings I never may to do)
And sang as he sat by the yoke of his oxen,
"All power is in evolution, and labor is rest."
Grocers who was the weaver

Original Novelet.

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A PEDESTRIAN.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CRIME AND DETECT.

I tell it as 'twas told to me.
—Moultrie.

Up to this period of my tale, I have told what I myself saw, and to which I myself bore a part. I will now proceed to relate what hearsay, and incidental characters, as I hinted, attached to and harbored them. Of what is to come I must speak from hearsay; but, as the principal part of this hearsay is founded on registered and public facts, it is by no means the least authentically authenticated portion of the narrative; and the fact, and explanation of it, which I had from the lips of those most deeply concerned in hearing and making known the truth, are as much to be considered facts, as if I were moreover to themselves so perfectly conscious and sensible of them, as they were to me, as a pretty positive fact.

Now it was, that, at this point, where the interest of the story might be said all clear of the progress of the circumstances, is easily carried on.

On that night on which I parted from the last of my new found friends, I lodged, better or worse, with a farmer living about half a mile or long ago forgotten, there being no collateral memory to mark it on my mind, at the inn of the small hamlet by the Wyalusing Creek, some of which, likewise, has escaped me.

My object was the following day to make my way to the thriving village of Dundaff, on the post-road from Hoboken to Chicago, and the next stage-coach thereafter for New York, to Buffalo, and the boundless West.

While I was detained in the pleasant village, awaiting the arrival of the mail, by which, for the sake of speed, I had resolved to prosecute my further journey, I wrote a long and affectionate letter to Mr. Calvert; explaining to her, mercifully than I was prevented from so doing by the utter note of the previous day, all that had passed in the twenty-four hours since I left her hospitable roof—my almost certainty, that I was her husband, whom I had met at the Falls of the Wyalusing—my wonderful reward in clear her wherabouts—my apprehensions of the interference he was likely to gain over her son, Gilbert—my certainty of his villainous guilt and determination to destroy; and giving my name, and, such as it was, my address, for the speedy meeting and frustrating his base designs.

I entreated her to communicate instantly with my father, requesting him to do what he could write to her at once on my return home, which would not now be delayed beyond a week, and urging her of our earnest interest in her distresses, and our firm resolve to do all that human means could accomplish for their extrication.

This my own hand I mailed my letter; and within four-and-twenty hours further, I was at home, and safe with my parents, and my wife fulfilled by the unquick of an earnest, energetic, and most affectionate letter from my mother, to her long bed that she delighted to have me with her father, taking the same view of her case, which I had taken at first sight, and urging her, above all things, to come down to her friends in the city, and take shelter in her welcoming house, and under the wing of them to be to the best of her power, until this terror should be overpast.

A week passed, and no answer. Again she wrote, again I wrote to Mr. Calvert, and still—still—silence, a fortnight, when three weeks had flown—no answer.

Then, when, but I speak at liberty, I should have returned, strengthened with the best legal advice, and furnished with the most ample and satisfactory evidence, to claim my own, and to confound the villain, I was not entitled, and when I was not entitled, I was not to be found, except in an obscure village, except in a remote farm, except as far as they account for my absence at the most interesting moment, and to the land of my affections, on either of the utmost moment to my family.

A chancery case was in the question, and of that the beginning is a far more appreciable and calculable than the conclusion. A year passed; and I was still abroad, and had been hurried for weeks on an expensive visit across the Channel, into France, across the Scheld into the Low Countries, across the Rhine into the old German Fatherland, in search of some next-of-kin-ship, yet ever elusory succession, to which all depended.

I was sitting, late one dark, autumnal afternoon, alone, musty, and out of spirits, in my own chambers apartment, looking out on the cavalier, lead-colored river, and the almost leafless trees, from the windows of the Golden Eagle, in the little town of Ringen.

"of Rogers on the Rhine."

when the dull-looking, obese waiter entered, without knocking at the door, bringing to an armful of home letters and American journals, some of them eight months old, which had followed me, from place to place, over one land and two seas.

Wherein, I hide the slipshod Gargantua being light, rose, made the stove, drew the curtains, and shut out the melancholy twilight, as by an overdrawn chamber might be made as much as possible a home-look, while I should be busy with the tidings and the thoughts of home.

I had but skimmed over a long letter from my mother, in the journal of her daily doings, the most interesting portion of a lady's letter—I found a reference to "the dreadful affair of those unfortunate Hamiltons," of a something, which I ought to know all about already, and an allusion to the fall of Gilbert considered in the

——— Gazette, of December the 19th. My eyes had fallen on the identical paper, among the pile of old journals scattered on the table, and, in an instant, everything else neglected, I had torn it open.

The first thing that met my sight, scored at the edge with ink in a utterer my attention, was an article of several columns, which read as follows:

"It is our painful duty," thus ran the article, "to record a deed of blood and horror, which, in our memory, has never happened, nor led in turpitude and atrocity, by anything which has occurred here within the memory of man; latrefing, it is hoped, that, though we would in no wise think of venturing an opinion which may be considered hostile to the feelings of a bereaved tribe, a crime of so dark and damnable a dye, as to be almost unknown in this country. It would appear that some time in the course of the past autumn, a person wearing the garb and having the appearance of a sea-faring man, of the middle class, calling himself Captain Hamilton, presented himself at Marston's tavern, and there, and in the neighborhood, remained there for a week. He is represented to have been, though advanced in years, of singular personal activity and strength, very expert in the use of the cutlass, and, though he would in no wise think of venturing an opinion which has occurred here within the memory of man; latrefing, it is hoped, that, though we would in no wise think of venturing an opinion which may be considered hostile to the feelings of

Our Correspondents

ANOTHER BOLD TO THE INDUSTRIOUS POOR.

[illegible] Post of March 26th, does certainly offer a very good inducement to the multitudes who are laboring hard for a livelihood, which at present's end are no better off than they were in 1854; and who only require a knowledge of the great advantages gained by coming West, to be induced to emigrate, by or before the month of April, to the fertile regions of the Mississippi Valley.

Now, I am not foolish enough to wish all the emigrants to centre in my own State, but would heartily second all his efforts to do good a similar service to other parts of the Eastern States to emigrate westward—no matter which State they may be, so that it is west or north of Indiana—each and every one offer more inducements, than I can think of, at present writing.

The bounties offered by "A. A." to those to be colonists of ours for reform, industrious men, such as are raised in the backwoods of the Eastern States, who are able to defend that most hideous thing in nature—the axe and hoodie from daylight till dark, manfully and with a will, and not sparingly of it. Such men can in reality earn double and triple the wages of the majority whose interest it is to cause their. In regard to the time allowed for settling per month, I had reference in my letter to clergy of those who have families—as we rarely see a man possessing the comfortable spoken of above, at work by the month or by the day—for almost every man's family, white-bodied men who follows farming for a livelihood, will be in a very short time found on his central here, able to possess himself of a team of horses, and a few farming utensils, to feed a man, and to work 1 on six acres each month—instead of hiring out himself to others, and I would say to all those who is large enough to harrow, plough corn, &c., in order to make it understood, that all such boys need be, I will speak of the great difference in the amount of labor required to attend a farm and in the field. One boy will attend a team, can farm fifty or sixty acres of corn—twenty acres of it in corn, and the other in small grain—the grain only required no manure, the corn no hoeing—two items which make quite a material difference in the amount of labor here and in the Eastern States. That is to say, the latter is required to work in the field ploughing, or as I have often heard it expressed, "children are knee-high to a duck," during man's work. Now, I think that if hundreds of the boys who are rioting through the streets of the Eastern cities, in idleness, would see all the ruinous temptations of vice and crime that large cities afford, were sent out West and put in a way to learn to work and to be made useful both to themselves and to their fellow beings, it would relieve their friends of much anguish, the cities of great expense, and great, by division, the amount of crime, misfortune and the only way to have their future prosperity.

In respect to agricultural inducements, I claim that this State possesses advantages more than any other State in the Union at present time, it has no extensive pineries, such as Wisconsin can boast of; believe here more than enough other inducements to balance that. railroads are in the course of construction in every part of the State, which afford facilities for thousands the year round; and even if there was no labor required on railroads, there is no end to that needed by the thousands of farmers alone. Last harvest much grain went to waste, for the want of laborers, and wages were very high; this year the farmers dare not venture to cultivate so much ground, for fear of losing their crops after they are ripe.

The farmers are also anxious to get their land improved, and have determined to put it upon it, so that it may be more profit to them, but they cannot do it at present, because of the scarcity of labor.

The majority most oft among the farmers here "Do you know where I can find a good hand to hire? I am willing to pay the highest wages, if I can only get a hand."

Carpenters, Blacksmiths, and Tradesmen, here is the place for you to settle, and you can make out four being in the same set of situations—there is room for all.

The facilities of travelling have been greatly improved, and the expense greatly reduced within a very short time back, so that it does not require weeks, and even months, to come here—as it used to when the emigrants had to be provisioned with teams, or even part of the way by steamboat. A journey West was considered a great undertaking then—it was long endless, and very expensive; but now a days a ship to board the cars, and in less than three days you can become the pure air, and view the beautiful and fertile prairies of Illinois.

Lacon, Ill. A WESTERN CITIZEN.

Clippings.

ON A MARINE AT ORCHESTER

Mind that a ship sailed, whom all mast applied,
Mid the wide waters on the world's wide tide;
Was the hardest struggle of the many past?
Was the roughest or fair, to the crowd at last?

Mr. Jameson says of the Venus de Medici, that she looks as if she could come down from the pedestal if she would, while the Hercules Farnese looks as if he could come down if he could.

Mrs. Partington says that there must be some sort of tie between peace and the fairies, for they are always chanting their lays.

Lazy Bath, with a very bad temper, had a good deal of wit. Lord Bath saying to her, in one of her passions, "Pray, my dear, keep your temper!" she replied, "Keep your temper! I don't like it so well. I wonder you should!"

Hard times produce one good thing: they check gossiping. Mrs. Clacker has only "had company" once since her husband failed. The consequence is, that the neighbors' characters stand higher than they have done for the last five years.

Personal self-sufficiency and arrogance are the certain attendants upon all those who have never experienced a wisdom greater than their own.

A New York paper, announcing the arrival of a vessel near the Narrows, says:—"The only passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owned three-fourths of the cargo and the captain's wife."

Hazel Law and Retirement.—Resolved, 1st, the young ladies of the Illinois Institute, pledge ourselves not to keep company, or not to be married until the completion of our respective studies; and that we will not be led in favor of the Maine Liquor Law, or some other prohibitory law.

A New York paper, in a fit of revolutionary enthusiasm, says, "Hurrah for the girls of '76. We, we say—hurrah for the girls of 17!"

The following dispatch went through by telegraph a month or two since: "Charles and Ruth met at Boston;" yesterday—quarrelled parted forever—one to Europe, the other to Asia; and parted to meet no more—met again this evening, and were married!"

Novel Bet Good Reason for Declining a Challenge.—The New York Times states that one Bowling a Baker returned in Brooklyn, when reached in Col. Jack, a lawyer, challenging a gentleman named Bowler Schoonmaker, and that the latter declined accepting the invitation, "under the Colonel would [have himself] to understand it is a match to shoot at." Col. J. has not yet indicated his intention to accede to the request.

Strange.—One young man in this vicinity, that himself lost week, because he could not get a wife, and no other, because he could not obtain a divorce.—*Boston Trans.*

The Domestic Industry of Village Flagstaff.—Ground coffee.

Dark Rebuke on Manly.—A rough-looking.

Advice to Married.—Now, you're united, you your life, try to mend it.

Why are there proportionately more injuries than those who are most forward in inducing them?

It is worse to deal with an ox than to deal with a vixen; for if you vixen will, sometimes, do right, and as she does not *know* how to do right, even when she is

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GEORGE PATTERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1855.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS MUST BE ADDRESSED TO THE PUBLISHER, IF TO ANY OTHER PERSON, THEY WILL BE DISREGARDED.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance, but, if not paid in advance, $2 50 will be charged. Subscribers may commence with any number. Single copies to Clubs, to be sent to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5,00 Per Annum.
8 (and one to the getter up of the Club),	10,00 "
13 (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	15,00 "
20 (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	20,00 "

Subscriptions (excepting in *British North America*) must invariably be paid in advance, or the Post will not be sent.

Letters to Clubs.—All letters relative to Clubs, to be addressed to the Publisher, and not to any Clerk connected with the Post Office.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. The whole loss of this correspondence is more bearable to the lady than to the gentleman. The relation of the latter seems to have been that of a proposing, a desire to be accepted, and a fear that having a Kansas Colonization Society would not be favorable to his successful pursuit of business"—we quote his own language—than any more serious objection on the score of the El Dorado, which rested entirely upon conjecture. Therefore, to her him, we let him pass. He evidently was unworthy of her love, for he "left her"—and she was then perfectly "whistle him down the wind," so far as she was personally concerned, with as little regret as may at her own "emotions" at this "desire to say pleasant days, words and letters" and all other.

But the subject opened by this correspondence is one of extending interest. Not in its especial reference to marriages between Protestants and Roman Catholics, but in its broad application to the whole question of mixed and sectarian marriages.

For what the young gentleman said in the opening of his correspondence is undoubtedly true, amongst the obstacles to happiness there are none so likely to produce discomfort as a want of unity in religious sentiments. We offer our devotions at the same altar in religion, and we will achieve, if it will not be a forceful degree our hearts. If these many whose sentiments upon such an important subject as religion are by no means agreed, how can they expect aught but sorrow and discord to be the fruit? Even if they should not have children, for a man to attend one church, and his wife another, is neither pretty nor pleasant. While if they should have children, the religious education of those children must be a bone of contention between the parents, and always a source of constant unhappiness to one or the other, or perhaps to both. But we may admit that persons should marry where they love—but they ought to be very certain that their marriage of the moment is approving shortly to many, another thing. Even if the preservation of our unquestionable and only freedom demanded a war and in those unscrupulous men are endeavoring to create one, a man would be untrue and unmanly to delay the period of collision until we had strengthened ourselves somewhat for the shock. We could but halt here, remonstrate with the vacillated warlike storm, and disciplined a numerous army.

And on these men never consider the pernicious dangers of war, to a large portion of this country? Are they aware that the Constitution of the Revolution, and of the war of 1812? Have they forgotten for those that no particular circumstance which restrained the British commanders in both those wars, no longer exists? Are they aware that the whole country itself to the attention of the British fleets, with the various Gift Enterprises of the day.

Charles Dudley Warner.—The readers of Dickens' "Household Words" will soon find one of —will be pleased to hear that several articles from the pen of Charles Dudley Warner, Esq., 101 Chestnut street, prize 50 cents each, will be published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, in a handsome volume, paper covers, price 50 cents each. The sketches are full of humor, pathos, and incident, and form a delightful addition to twelve Numbers, with all the original illustrations, by Cruikshank, Crowquill, Phiz, &c. We refer our readers for further particulars to the advertisement of the publishers.

Clippings.

Partial, blame me slightly, to Cloris have,
Would I have loved, and not loved her more?
If women, knew'st all, but guess were best
Who'd not be deceived by me?

But that fair skin still clings to Cupid,
And of her we must come her
Whose finger is the ring
By our design to name her.

Judge of the Heart.—Judge by the specimen we daily meet, we very naturally wonder how they are ever brought to committing a deliberate or a premeditated act. Take a look at Imagine an Englishman cultivating truncheon, and a Scotchman a turnip, or an American negotiating his business to perfection at the Cape of Good Hope, or a Frenchman at the Cape of Good Hope, or a Frenchman standing on intersection or dying for his country. We need not of others to be the man to do both.

It is greatly admired that had been more from Burke's conversation than from all his long-continued speeches and writings.

Lustless travels so slowly that poverty often overtakes her.

The Lord Keeper Nothings of Lancaster, it is said, have resolved that they will "meet hereafter in Nothing but Congo Cream," and they intend to be the finer thereof, the broad category of heaven their covering." That is right—one and all, we say, be clothed.

Lawyers.—It is well-known that the prospects of many of our prominent politicians have been clouded, or at least darkened, by their unreasonable passion for letter writing. Many men have had such cause to hit mind when he wrote.

"Full oft have letters marred the written
Which, if left out, had saved the author."

Harsh words are like hailstones in summer, which, if they do not kill, fertilize the ten-fold places they bolter down.

Changes.—I remember a great man once said to me, "Sir, I have had my changes, and I have had my changes, and I have had my changes, and

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1855.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE PEACE CONGRESS—SANGUINARY FIGHTING BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

The steamship Nashville arrived at New York on Sunday, the 22nd inst., at noon, bringing London and Liverpool dates to the 7th inst. She arrived at Liverpool on the 3rd inst., and left on the 7th.

She brings about 50 passengers, among whom is Mr. Ullman, who announces the engagement of Madames Lagrange, Paredi, Morate and Morelli, who leave Havre in the first steamer after the 9th inst.

On the second day from New York, on the outward passage of the Nashville, Mrs. Rose Riley, one of the passengers, suddenly disappeared, and it was supposed she had thrown herself overboard.

The Nashville reports having passed the Africa entering Liverpool as the N. passed out, on Saturday afternoon.

Political affairs throughout Europe remain unaltered.

Rev. Mr. Boyle, a Roman Catholic priest, sued Cardinal Wiseman, for a libel written by the Cardinal in the *Univers*, of Paris. A verdict was given for the plaintiff, with damages of £1,000.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.—The Vienna Conference having adjourned till the 9th to await the Russian ultimatum and the arrival of the French and Turkish Ministers of Foreign Affairs at Vienna, there is no news from that point.

The consideration of the third point would be the first subject before the Conference. Public opinion seems to be equally divided as to what will be the final result.

[illegible]

... of the British Ambassador at Madrid, whom they accuse of interference in religious matters.

The returns of the quarter's revenue, made up for the first time, to the 31st of March, instead of to the 5th of April, show the following surplus on each item, over the corresponding article and period last year:—

On Customs, £321,000; Excise, £21[illegible]; Stamps, £54,944; Taxes, £95,526; Property Tax, £3,798,612; Post Office, £45,322; Crown Lands, £1,000. There is a decrease on the items of £44,108, which leaves a net increase of £4,394,806, and on the year, of £[illegible] 624. The Board of Trade returns show a decrease of nearly £2,000,000 sterling, compared with last year.

FRANCE.—M. Drouyn de L'Huys left April 2nd, for Vienna.

The French Government has entered a criminal prosecution against the publisher of the Belgian edition of the so-called "suppressed pamphlet," entitled, "Memoir addressed to the Government of Napoleon III., by a general officer."

The public appear well pleased with the proposed visit of the Emperor and Empress to England, and, it is said, Queen Victoria will soon reciprocate the visit. They say, too, that if Napoleon goes to the Crimea, the Empress will accompany him.

LATEST.—Gen. Weddell's return as Prussian Envoy to Paris has been countermanded, and Col. Olberg, an attaché of Prussia, has also been recalled, indicating that the negotiations are closed.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.—Late dates from Gibraltar, state that the United States corvette St. Louis had arrived there, and on the same day, the U. S. sloop-of-war Levant left, for home.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, April 6th.—[illegible]

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, APRIL 21.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

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A DELIGHTFUL VOLUME!

THE INS AND OUTS OF PARIS.

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IRVING'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

[illegible]

THE AMERICAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

[illegible]

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No. 1 South FIFTH St., Philadelphia.

MRS. E. MITCHEL, No. 2[illegible] NORTH NINTH STREET. Manufacturer of

MANTILLAS, CLOAKS,

Of all descriptions, at WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Orders made up at short notice in the best and neatest style.

NEW GOLD AND SILVER HUNTING WATCHES, GOLD LEVERS, full Jewelled, from $[illegible] to $[illegible]. SILVER LEVERS, full Jewelled, $[illegible] to $15. Also, a fine assortment of JEWELRY, GOLD CHAINS, SILVER and PLATED WARE, all of which will be sold at the lowest cash prices. Particular attention paid to the repairing of Watches and Jewelry. All orders by Mail promptly attended to.

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Pamphlets giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant.

B. FRANK PALMER,
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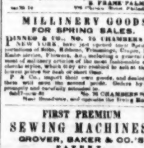

[illegible]

ATTENTION,
PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC MEN.

[illegible]

"DANGER IN THE DARK!!!"

[illegible]

WHAT IS THE NOVELIST'S FIELD?

GROWN-UP PEOPLE ARE TIRED of reading about castles and abbeys, princes, lords, and ladies, as presented in modern romances; those themes belong to SCOTT, and to no one else. And if our novel-readers are exclusively interested in representations of foreign life, where the characters and manners are necessarily unfamiliar, it is only because there are no works at home to which

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is a sufficient proof of its excellence as a story, and also of the deep interest of the public in its theme. And if Dickens may assail the Court of Chancery in Bleak House,—if Kingsley may attack the social institutions of England in Alton Locke, it may surely be permitted to an American author to deal in a candid spirit with

THE GREAT QUESTION

of all others now before the public.

The Publishers commend this work to FAMILIES, as one which inculcates the purest principles, and breathes a spirit of warm and unaffected piety.

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Selected Poetry.

DICKIE LEE.

BY JENNY BARDE.

Oh, Dickie Lee! Oh, Dickie Lee,
Of Dickies there's no more to be;
The sturdy lad I used to know,
The lovely lad I love so well,
Oh, where is he?
Oh, where is Dickie Lee?
Oh, where is Dickie Lee?
Oh, where is Dickie Lee?
Oh, where is Dickie Lee?
Oh, where is Dickie Lee?
Oh, where is Dickie Lee?

I often think of Dickie Lee,
And the sweetness long ago—
Of the old colonial home, and the trees
With the mossy banks in the shady nook,
Where the violets hide, 'till the bell did ring,
With our "innocents Day" of a honest scrap,
And a comical jest served for a laugh;
And since those days long years have not arranged
Living cares of thousand kind, of many,
But to those old times never grow
Dearer to me than they are now.
Oh, where is Dickie Lee?
Oh, where is Dickie Lee?
Oh, where is Dickie Lee?
Oh, where is Dickie Lee?
Oh, where is Dickie Lee?
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Oh, where is Dickie Lee?
Oh, where is Dickie Lee?
Oh, where is Dickie Lee?

I wonder how it fell to pass,
Dickie, perhaps, of the thought of me,
And I've thought of you, Dickie Lee,
Of the sweetest home, that ever yet
Was the little heath close by the door,
The little brook that ran past the house,
Jones, Lucas, Dickie and me—
And the letter of the first verse.

I wonder how if he ever thinks
Of the threefold time he stole my pads
And once was to give to me?
And what befell you, Dickie Lee?

They tell me that my Dickie Lee
Is a man of wealth and pride;
Tread he like ships upon the sea,
Titles, too, of a nobleness,
And that I feel them, no less be true.
Very well, so let it be,
Fields have I seen, no les

The many a year since he was my lover,
Losing me well, and having no cares,
The many a year since the summer had
Passed over me, since the winter's misery and glee,
The many a year, the many a year,
Since the sun and the moon and the stars have been
For I think of him yet on a laughing day,
Growing of summer or of winter,
Unless he dreams of me
That such a thing as I ever was
That such a beautiful Blessed Love
That love that was almost all the love I ever
Yet, oh! he would most love me
Remembering I have said always
An image dressed in a woman cold,
And it is dear to me,
Though the rose is withered and pines and lone,
Yet remains within it fragrance and sweet,
And beneath the spot of the dawning grass
For the whole of Summer.
The little boy that long ago
Was truly in love with me
—*Home Journal.*

Selected Articles.

COUNTRY FARMERS AND CITY MECHANICS.

Country people generally are very much mistaken in their impressions as to the extravagant wages and salaries received by city mechanics, clerks, &c. I have often been surprised at the exploded ingenuity of country friends in this line point, and am conducted at a loss to account for so general misconception. But then so it is in everything. Let twenty men go to the city, to the West, or to California, whence shall return in their expectations of bettering their circumstances, may even discover advantages or by the vehicle, or which is worthwhile pour, vicious, criminal; one shall succeed in a merchant prince, a rich farmer, or the lucky possessor of a large property; one in the minds of the people, as on the success of the pointer, the student will be proud for in the hath-ground—once populous, it were at all events in the free-ground, and in bold relief, and the terrible, kept as his aid and friends as one in loneliness." Sitting up the whole picture. Then is it with farmers. The farmer, at a shop or counter of a Number of hands, in the city, may look on in twenty dollars per week, while the workers under his direction earn from five to ten dollars, and we shall find, in the country, that the farmer is the head of the twenty dollars a week, while not a hand have ever reached those of poor five dollars a week.

This assumption, however, inadvertent and have not of itself, is a very frequent one to act upon. Under the influence many a young man, and sometimes a young woman, has left a farm that was offered for its hard labor on a small income to the city with expectations of ease, or they are enticed to by friendships. I have watched the progress of many such, and have seen to learn that they have made no pecuniary unfortunate and dangerous. From the wages which they expected as so conspicuous in the country, they have found that twenty-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, as a fixed sum for a large number, while in the city they found it impossible, as it is generally said, to live for a hundred dollars a year. They become disheartened, reckless, improvident, care, ruinous, extravagance, infidels, and nothing! "expectation the "unemployed," &c., when they make "disheartening" "unemployed" "over the wrongs" of the "working classes."

Upon the subject of the leverage of wages imposed by merchants in the city, I have made some inquiry, but with small success, as to the accurate collection of facts, and will not be so of use in this place. I regret this, because I believe the truth of the case would do more than anything else in the country here to check the farm and its hard work and small profits.

Then much was written several months ago, when I stepped with the hope of receiving some statements that had been published in several city establishments. So far and so unfortunately, however, many of the publishers that my article has been delayed, until the question of high or low wages is of little importance in the light of thousands of city mechanics, compared with that of work or no work.

I will, however, here make out or two brief statements in respect to wages.

Among my personal acquaintances, there are a few who receive from fifteen to twenty dollars a week, as my business, and I do not know anyone whose bills I have made out for the last seven years—varying in number from one or two to eight or ten a week—have not averaged over six dollars a week.

A shoe-dealer in the city told me his men averaged rather over six dollars a week; and I have been told by men who are working for him that the shortest of the Lynn do not average a dollar a day.

A friend of mine, who is engaged in another kind of business, and employs some seventy hands, tells me that his workmen averaged eight dollars a week; which he said was higher than the average at any similar establishment in the city.

The large wages are paid we often find some mechanic or quadrupedal, that did not appear at first sight. Carpenters, masons, and some others have little to do in the winter season. Some kinds of business are dull in the summer; some are irregular and fascinating—as a great deal of labor, we suppose, being. A ship-carpenter told me that five days' work a week, was considered a pretty good average; for the reason, on account of the weather, &c. The hatter, besides, is somewhat unsteady. Before the Civil War, for shipping, the hatter business was so dull that a neighbor of mine went of shopping wood by the cord one winter, earning seventy-five cents per cord, and a quarter a day—boarding himself of course—while his wife and children principally supported his wife and children. Now, he is the three and a half or three dollars every day. Such is the force and power that I have to offer upon city wages. I might address almost any amount of "well-meant" and "good" advice, but I do not have good opportunities of forming opinions on the subject, and am not sure that it is not all right as we these, but my country friends should think I was joking, or suspect me of exaggerating or magnifying the hopes and fears from the city, and from sympathy with me, for the large wages they hear of. I have, therefore, my own feelings, I will remember, that I listened some twenty years ago, to a mechanic on our farm—for day night, in a shop in the city of New York, steps. I had then wished but a few months before, to be a mechanic, "if God let me have succeeded to by most of the hands, that continuing all these to the city, who claimed to be journeymen at one time or another, and who, by indolence, or want and out of work—their wives and little ones, with whom they were dependent, would not exceed an average of three dollars a head."

But admitting that to be a mild statement, admitting that city mechanics generally obtain much higher prices for their labor, there still remains one fact to which I ask particular attention, and that is, the liability of being out of work.

Is this true? How differently this appears to the eye and ear of country farmers! Can any mechanic? The one thinks only of a holiday. His crops harvested—his barn, cattle, and woodhouse filled, God or Work has no terror for him—only a time for relaxation, a little spell of enjoyment. To the other, it is a time of anxiety and fear, the expenses of all around him, and the means of life.

Is this true? Let us look at the facts. Let us see how many mechanics are out of work in the city, and the numbers long ago. Let us see how many are out of work in the country, and the numbers long ago. Let us see how many are out of work in the city, and the numbers long ago. Let us see how many are out of work in the country, and the numbers long ago.

Let us see how many